

Turner Cartmell June 16/91

The SECOND EDITION with ADDITIONS.

JACK SPRIT-SAIL's FROLIC;

OR,

Sailor's Humourous Cruize;

IN THE
LATITUDE OF LONDON.

CONTAINING

His High seasoned Adventures,

AT THE

DOG and DUCK.

GIG SHOP.

SADLER's WELLS.

The THEATRES.

TAVERNS.

TEA GARDENS, &c.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

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Being a Collection of the CHOICEST

SEA SONGS,

Many of which never before in PRINT.

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The Scenes of gay London in different Ways;
Attend to the Chase as he runs them all through,
Then hoist up your Top-sails my Boys and pursue.

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JACK SPRIT-SAIL'S

F R O L I C,

OR

SAILOR'S HUMOROUS CRUISE, &c.

WHAT signifies Prefaces, Introductions, and a long train of begging addresses, an honest tar loves to come to the point at once. Jack Sprit-sail, our present hero, was born somewhere no doubt, as most men are; but as I never could learn the exact place, so I do not think it of any consequence to invent one.—All I know about him before I take him up is, that being from a boy very fond of climbing, his friends all thought he was design'd for something high.—and to forward his fortune, got him on board a man of war, where, after various turns of fate, he at length was rated an able seaman—and was universally allow'd to be as brave a fellow as ever stept between *stem and stern*: A reputation.

tion he did not acquire without having deserved it, as Rodney's glorious month of *April*, and many more engagements might amply testify—Though he never shrunk from danger, he had however been very lucky, and continued *heart-whole, sound wind and limb*; nor was he reduc'd, like many a lad of metal, to hop upon a crutch, and solicit the assistance of the benevolent passer—At the peace Jack was paid off, and turn'd adrift, but not pennyless, to say the truth, altogether, he had more money than he had ever known before in his life—yet not so much, as to render it impossible for him to have very speedily disburs'd it among the good-natured *Venuses of Gosport and the Point*,—who, to do them justice, are always so tenderly dispos'd, as ever to relieve a man from his burthen—whose very souls melt again to see him encumber'd and embarrassed with a load of guineas; and whose charity, equal active as passive, never suffers them to waste their time in mere good wishes, but prompts them to employ the most indefatigable exertions to divest him of every care—by leaving him nothing to care for.—Jack's mind was set on seeing London, and as he had experienc'd the skill of his old friends so often, he was determined to seek for new ones to cure his present disorder; which the learned might call a *plethora* or superabundance of cash, a disease a sailor never chuses to be long subject to.

Jack rigs himself completely at *Portsmouth*, *fore, aft and athwart ships*, claps a new pair of shoes and three shirts in a handkerchief, takes a hearty shake by the hand of his old messmates, *put his helm a weather, and steers away*, with a fair gale for his intended port. He met the convenience

venience of a returned chaise or two, the post-boys of which he contrived to make nobly drunk, and then exulted in the sport of flogging up their cattle himself. 'Tis true his manœuvres very quickly brought them into the nearest ditch—but this was nothing to Jack, who, helping the other out, exclaimed,—“*What cheer brothers? Nothing but a lee-lurch man, damme how she rolls—*” No material damage occurred, and the lad had his laugh in turn, though he thought proper to keep it to himself, as Jack willingly deposited the full price for a glass, which had before been crack'd in as many directions as the ceilings of a St. Giles's lodging-house, and which he persuaded his master the wind had now totally demolished. Barring this and a few other immaterial matters arising from the eccentric movements of our Tar, he arriv'd near the metropolis about seven in the evening.—Notwithstanding his expedition might seem to require rest, well us'd to do without it, and inspirited by the liquor he had imbib'd—he resolv'd that very night should not pass without his attending some rendezvous of the *Molls* as he stiled them.

He was bustling through St. George's Fields, when seeing a train of hacks stand before a certain well-known building in that quarter, he peeps at the windows, and perceiving the metreticious promenade in full feather, taking their accustomed round.—In he marches, calling out, “*Avast my lads! If I haven't run my jib-boom right in harbour at once.*” This exclamation drew all eyes upon him, the Flashmen tip their Blowings the wink, who were all ambitious of taking in the cull, whole profession and business there they easily guess'd. Jack for some time

mind'd none of them, but gaz'd this way, and that way, and every way; now surveying the waiters *serving out the allowance*, as he humorously termed it—and then walking up to the man at the organ, whose nimble fingers he swore would *strap a block* nation well.—His observations finished he coolly sat himself down bawling for a *can of grog*; in lieu of which, as its nearest substitute a shillingworth of rum and water was brought him, tho' unfortunately by putting sugar, they had disqualified it from the honourable title of that beverage Jack had demanded.

This however pass'd off with a few expressions of *Land-lubber*, *Fresh-water Purser*, and the like. Nevertheless, it was almost down before a tight going thing, begg'd the pleasure of drinking his health.—Jack was none of those who would deny a pretty girl such a request, and handed it over with a good-will, exceeded by nothing but her readiness to accept of it;—one produced another as naturally as any thing one could mention, and the last soon propos'd a temporary adjournment to one of those convenient retreats, which lie so commodiously behind the house: to this he consented, and paid his devotions very devoutly, I'll answer for it, to the Cyprian deity—Tho' he had talk'd about a supper at any place she chose, and of spending the night with her, she deem'd it more prudent not to attempt any invasion on his purse just at that period; but make the most of him hereafter altogether;—which plan would most incontestibly have met with the greatest success, had not two or three young fellows who had sily follow'd them for the purpose of *twigging the sailor*, rather

rather too loudly whisper'd, "Zounds Tom, what a prize, this damn'd foolish flat will find Nancy in duds for a month."

Jack, who could not but understand this gross remark, and who was as warm as he was generous, gave his nymph a rude push from him, grasp'd his cudgel and gave chase to my gentlemen in a most violent passion. They, tho' three of them did not much like his appearance, and hastened to join their allies in the Great Room, from whom they expected a re-inforcement.—Jack still at their heels, "*Aye, aye, pray scud, but let me come upon your weather bows; if I don't stove in your crazy timbers, and make you douse your colours, say Jack Sprit-sail's a liar, that's all.*" Every thing was confusion, the girls squall'd, the men bluster'd, but our hero, *so squared his yards and trim'd his ballast*, that none could close with, or overthrow him. He made good his retreat into the fields, and might have been no further molested had he not in one of his flourishes shattered two of the branches of a cut chandelier; this of course made the landlord a party against him—who rais'd a posse, headed by a constable determined to secure him. Seeing such a formidable fleet bearing down, and seeing too, they gained upon him fast, he disdainingly to fly, and backing his sails, haul'd up his courses and waited for them. After most emphatically thundering he would send the first man to *David Jones* who should dare to approach, he enquired the damage, promising to pay for it if they were quiet. The landlord, glad to get rid of a business which promised nothing but vexation,—as his resolution had intimidated almost every one of his attackers, (the knight

knight of the staff himself not excepted) made the most extravagant demand he could just then think on, was thrown the money, and retired with his troop, leaving Jack master of the field of battle, who giving three cheers reel'd away. By this time it was dark, he wandered about uncertain as to his future destination for the night; but the air, and his rencontre having pretty well sobered him, he thought for the present he would procure a birth, and take another taste of the town in the morning. He had rambled out of the fields towards Westminster Bridge; and discerning a walk with lights at the end of it; down he sallied—or rather went, (as sallied certainly means rather an egress than an ingress;) there Mr. Critic, you see I can find out a Mistake as well as yourself! but what is that to Jack's adventures?

Nothing at all, well then down he went, and presently landed at that hopeful seminary the Gig.—This was to be sure, to use a wag's interpretation of Queen Anne's motto, *semper eadem*, or worse and worse—Flash songs and Sandwich's were as plenty as pease in July. Journeymen, whose whole incomes did not exceed between twenty and thirty pounds a year, or not so much, throwing for half crowns a tofs; and girls enough, if equip'd in jackets and trowsers, to have fill'd the complement of a first rate; but guess Jack's astonishment, to see his dear partner at the Dog and Duck enter soon after him. Being entirely ignorant of his still hovering so near the enemy's coast, (for he really imagined he had walked a mile or two) he could look upon her second appearance, as little less than witchcraft: And had he been a Papist, would

would probably have crossed and blessed himself with the highest energy—and most alarmed seriousness.—As it was, he only vociterated “*Snap my main yard in the slings, if that damn’d little Cruiser does not shew her flag in every port.*” A general stare, as before, took place—but Miss Nancy, who presently recognized him, gave them that kind of hint, which is to be expressed by a motion of the eyes, and prepar’d for another trial of her dexterity, that might turn to a better account than the former.——Jack, who as I have said, was come tolerably to his senses, and was an arch unlucky dog in his way, and had his schemes too, and in consequence apparently easily suffered himself, by a few soft words and sycophant blandishments, to consent to a reconciliation. To shew it the more indubitably, he ordered a supper, a swinging bowl of punch, and a bottle of sweet wine for his lovely little Snow, who anticipated the triumph she rationally enough expected from all these mighty orders——Every thing came, they got a room; they eat, they drank, they laugh’d, they toy’d, when Jack begg’d leave to retire a moment on an urgent occasion; but as Nancy did not seem in this point over complying, he pulls out a purse, which throwing into her lap he goes on. “Mayhap my pretty pleasure boat, you are afraid of foul weather! if so, d’ye see, I’ll leave the cargo behind.” Nancy, who felt it rather heavy, wink’d to the waiter he might let him out, the gates being now locked.

This was no sooner done, than Jack loosing every sail to the breeze, ran right before the wind, at least six knots an hour, and was soon fairly in the offing, nor much longer before completely

pletely out of any danger that might arise from a pursuit.——The girl, on Jack's not immediately returning, open'd the purse in order to discharge the reckoning, and then to spend part of the rest with her old favourites, not doubting but there was enough for both purposes, with a good booty for herself besides; but guesst her mortification to find her amount of plunder, to be only a brace of dollars and several halfpence, which Jack had artfully slipt there, taking his gold out.—In short, there was not even sufficient to settle with the house, let alone all other considerations.—A volley of oaths were presently sent after our 'scape-grace. The master swore it was all a sham, she had got the sailor's money, and wanted to bilk him.—The girl retorted the abuse with all her native eloquence. The rest of the motley company interfered, execrations and vociferations flew about as thick as hail——They quarrel'd with one another, they fought, they kick'd up the devil of a dust; but still matters were as far from being adjusted as ever.—Could our Tar have returned undiscover'd, he could not have enjoy'd a higher scene.—At length the tumult in some degree subsided, a fiat was prevailed upon to make up the cash, rather than Miss Nancy should have the politeness shewn her of being accomodated with a genteel lodging in a watch-house all night—and things went on in their usual train. Those cullies who were ambitious of a cut of a loaf already pretty well sliced, retired with their acquaintance to their lady's apartments; while those of the other side, who had not been fortunate enough to pick up any of these said cullies, admitted their flash-men, they had any, to their embraces.—The morning

morning was pretty well advanc'd, the watchman was going half past four; an hour which while it sent these votaries of riot and dissipation to a temporary repose, arous'd the sons of honest industry to chearful labour with unclouded heads and active strength. Jack by this time had got over the Bridge, and, in spite of the proffers made him by some of the unhappy wretches who yet lingered about the streets, had the resolution to give one of the patrols a shilling to conduct him to bed, where with a conscience void of offence, as knowing it wish'd no harm to any but those he deem'd the natural enemies of his country, and to them only for his country's sake, he quietly dropt asleep.

It was not the most unlucky thing in the world that Jack had got into an honest house, as otherwise in the morning he might have found strong symptoms of a consumption about his pockets: This, as it was, was not the case. He arose, and, getting some refreshment, prepared to start for the day; though totally unknowing where; at length he made up his mind to let his vessel drive a *random course*, just as the wind might blow. This laudable scheme he put in practice, first leaving above half his rino with his host—How the devil it happened that Jack was so prudent, I don't know, I confess it was more than I should have expected. It was about a eleven o'clock when Jack got *under weigh*, and in less than ten minutes he found himself involv'd in a large crowd assembled round a woman who was weeping bitterly, two children clinging round her neck, and crying as fast as she could for her life. "Damme messmate," cries Jack to a by-stander, "What the

the matter?"—"Why," replies the other, "I think they say it is a summons affair, so she didn't appear, and they are seizing her goods that's all." Jack at this instant seeing a man coming out of a mean looking house with a feather-bed on his back, at sight of which the woman redoubled her grief, begging for God's sake he would not deprive herself and children of one to lie on, stepped nimbly up to the fellow—with "*Avast my hearty! What, overhaul the lading without leave of the commanding officer?*" "My warrant's my officer," return'd the man,—"Stand out of the way and keep the King's peace." "D——I take the peace," said Jack, "*My business is the King's war, but, war or peace may I run gunwale under, if you carry that said bundle the length of the tafferel.*" He now brandish'd his trusty friend, and stood right before the gangway.—The worthy executioner of the laws provoked at being thus delay'd, and being moreover an Irishman; made no other answer than—"Jasus fly away with you, will you, be after paying the debt?"—"How much?" cries Jack, briskly feeling in his fob. "Seven and twenty shillings and costs"—"*Then sheer off to leeward in the turning of a capstern and take these two guineas to pay your duties at the devil's custom house.*" The whole assembly applauded Jack to the skies: The reliev'd widow, was in an affecting agony of joy, (if I may be allow'd the expression) but it must be observ'd that tho' several gentlemen of opulence were among the spectators, and join'd more loudly than the rest in Jack's praises, not one of them had even offered the slightest comfort to the distress'd, much less any pecuniary assistance.

O! shame

O! shame that where kind Heav'n bestows,
The means to soothe another's woe;
No tender warmth the bosom knows,
Untaught at pity's claim to glow.

O! ill bestow'd the wealth ye hoard,
Not the Almighty giver just;
Be patient wretch, not millions stor'd,
Can save the reptile from the dust.

There low he lies, thou can'st no more,
The lyre unheard, the minstrel's call,
Yet chance when Time's long reign is o'er
Thou'lt mounting view, the scorner fall.

Away went our sailor, with a heart as happy as he had made the widow's, or indeed much more so, as there was yet a dash of future anxiety amidst the joys of her present deliverance, while Jack, who at least follow'd one scripture maxim, "To take no thought for of to-morrow," felt an exuberance of exultation at the thoughts of having so opportunely disappointed the harpies of their prey. Here (if I was writing any other work than what I am,) I should give a hint or two to my betters, on the absolute necessity of correcting and revising the laws in more cases than one. Heaven knows they want a gentle tap, to rouse them a little, bad enough; tho', as so many wiser heads than mine have try'd to do them that good office without effect, I am afraid they would still continue their nap, nor thoroughly wake till the day of judgment disturbs them with a vengeance!

Whip me, such sluggards, but 'tis time
To change the scene, if not the rhyme.

B

Nothing

Nothing absolutely necessary to be recorded in this history occurred till towards evening, after Jack had atchieved the adventure of the feather-bed.—He got his dinner somewhere or other, but as for a wonder, he engaged himself in nobody's matters; he came out as he went in; and we find him at a proper hour paying his admission money at Vauxhall. It happen'd to be the masquerade night, at the first opening, and Jack,

“ His rigging no one dare attack it,
 “ Tight *fore* and *aft*, above below;
 “ Long quartered shoes, frill'd shirt, blue jacket,
 “ And trousers like the driven snow.”

was really taken for some spark who had thus equipped himself as a character, while his rough hewn weather-beaten countenance they took for a disguise some pale faced beau might have thrown over his own feminine features, not dreaming that any of the lower classes of society, would attempt making their appearance there. If Jack ever open'd his eyes wider than usual, it was now; and poured forth such a torrent of sea terms, (which being purely natural, must have eclips'd any efforts of art) that he was unanimously voted the best masque in the Gardens. What is a sailor without a doxy? And one he must have; but, remembring his last night's frolic, resolved to fight cautious and reconnoitre the ground.—As he was doing this, he perceives a slim youth, in a habit somewhat similar to his own, tho' of rather finer materials, Rejoiced amongst so many strange dresses and uncommon figures to observe one with which he was acquainted, he runs up, and with a most violent

violent shake—expressive of his satisfaction—bawls——“ *Splice my main brace, shipmate, if I a’nt as glad as if I saw a Spanish Galleon right a-head, with a fine wind abast! Where can we turn in and knock the wash about?*” Not a syllable of this did the curious representative of a mariner he accosted understand; but the manual part of the salutation almost dislocating his delicate shoulders, he squeak’d out in a tone, he had never learnt upon any fore-castle in the world,——“ Zounds, Sir! what do you mean?” “ *Keel-haul your Sirs,*” (cries Jack) *will you go and see if the Purser’s serving any grog?*” To this, no return was made, but a significant motion of contempt for the proposer, and an half-smothered utterance of “Vulgar wretch.”—Jack provok’d, exclaims, “ *Blow me up in a fine ship, if this here smack is’nt under false colours, I’ll rummage her papers;*” going to lay hand on my gentleman he call’d as loudly as he was able for help—The company ran to the spot, enquiring the business—“ Why you must know, gentlemen, says Jack, seeing a vessel under our flag, I thought as how she was British built and mann’d, so came along side to keep company; but damme if I don’t think she’s a French smuggler, for she don’t understand our lingo at all, and squeaks like a puss a catter-walling.”——Many enjoy’d this sport, and urg’d the sailor to make good his search: Jack went about with great alacrity, when the other to the diversion of all present, entertain’d them with the sounds of, “Spare me! spare me! dear Mr. Sailor! I’m but a barber, a poor innocent barber, and never smuggled any thing but powder and pomatum in my life.” He was here ordered to pull off his masque, and dis-

play'd to two or three gentlemen present, the individual features of their own hair-dresser, who had actually not many hours before dress'd them for that very assembly, he had the audacity to so soon after appear himself in. Their indignation was now predominant: and the sailor was desired to kick his counterfeit likeness out of the Gardens.

This perform'd, he stroll'd about again, and at length with much puzzling, pick'd up a girl to his mind, whom he insisted on treating with a supper in one of the alcoves; had the girl known how well one of her sisterhood had far'd the preceeding evening, perhaps she might have thought a supper with Jack rather a dangerous thing; but to do him justice, he now meant nothing less than to repeat the same game.

The wine soon mellow'd him into that careless good humour for which our seamen are so remarkable; and, with his lass on his knee and his bottle in his hand, he highly amus'd the remaining masques with the following song, sung with much humour, and in no despicable voice.

S O N G.

WHene'er claim'd is our service by Britain
 in arms,
 Lads we stand by our guns, with a hearty good
 will;
 But in peace let us stand by her daughter's bright
 charms,
 And the bumper of pleasure triumphantly fill.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

May long prosper her navies, long flourish
her fair,

Is the toast that I drink, so your glasses pre-
pare.

Not a danger we shrink from, tho' cannons may
roar, [lives ;

To preserve your enjoyments we hazard our
Then surely the sailor return'd to the shore,
Has a right to the thanks of, maids, widows,
and wives.

May long prosper our navies, long flourish
our fair,

Is the toast that I drink, so your glasses pre-
pare.

Ah! how boldly in battle we charge on the foe
Let the Dutchman, the Frenchmen, Hispania
all tell;

On a cruise in love's harbour when ardent we go,
Say who boxes the compass my lassies so well?

May long prosper our navies, long flourish
our fair,

Is the toast that I drink, so your glasses pre-
pare.

Be our statesmen all honest, commanders all brave
Let the nymphs on our labours bestow the sweet
smile;

Shall Old England e'er fall while a Sailor can save?

" No, no, never! cries Neptune, the guard
of our isle.

May long prosper our navies, long flourish
our fair,

Is the toast that I drink, so your glasses pre-
pare.

Jack was encor'd you may be sure, and as all hands seem'd now to be leaving the coast, or in other words, retiring from the scene of action, as indeed it was high time, not a bottle of wine being to be got for love or money, and so fierce were the attacks made on hams, chickens, tongues, jellies, &c. that a man might have expected to met with provisions in the desarts of Arabia, as at present in Vauxhall Gardens:—Jack, I say, sheer'd off amongst the rest, and was conducted by his paramour to her lodgings; when I have heard her assert, he proved himself a man, not liable to promise more than he could perform, as he *rig'd out his boom* in a seaman-like manner; and as his song expresses, *boxt his compass to a hair*, let Sally shift as she would.

Whether the more than common share of amorous blifs he had given her had in a great measure overcome most of the mercenary parts of her disposition, or whether she had studdied his temper so well as to know, leaving it to himself was the most likely method of getting more than she could, even with her convenient conscience have presumed to have ask'd,—I know not, certain it is, if the last consideration was her motive she gain'd her point, for on her saying, "What you please my jolly Sailor," he pulled out a whole handful of gold and silver together, and with a true unthinking tofs, jerk'd them on the table, with——"Say you so, my little Frigate, then damme if I don't pay for the state cabbins, and *rig you out fit to hoist a commodore's broad pennant*; beside d'ye see, if so be you like to let me take you in tow, we'll cruize in company thro' these damn'd London seas, for I cannot say as how I know the soundings *over well*; and mayhap I may run aground.

Sally

Sally who could not have possibly desired any thing better, readily agreed to pilot him through and propos'd going at night to the Haymarket Theatre, after she had been to get a few *flash-colours*, as Jack termed them; he would not be left behind, and accompanied her to two or three Pop-shops in the neighbourhood, as Sall prefer'd them to any other, judiciously conceiving that her old very good friends and acquaintances might afford her better bargains than a stranger. Nothing of consequence interven'd except that Jack's money went as freely as 'twas given, and that he observ'd on seeing the quantities of plate, and other valuables in the windows, "That they had transported half Mexico to old England." He bought indeed, a pair of silver buckles, much about the size of a middling saucer, with which he was so pleased, that his feet were the principal objects of his attention, till they return'd to Sall's apartments, where he took care to stand the treat of a dinner; and she took care she should not let them want for a drop of the good creature after it.—The hours mov'd on, Sall was for going early to get places in the first row of the two shilling gallery,—and Jack was under the white serjeant's direction, as all the *bearings and distances* were much better known to her than himself.—By her assistance they got safe to the door of Mr. Coleman's money-trap, and mixt amongst the crowd bent on the same errand as themselves; they had not stood long before—two or three Prigs, dress'd in the extremity of macaronism, with not a hair amiss about them; and looking in short, as if they had just issued from a band-box, took it into their heads to run their fun upon our couple. And while one says,

" Look

“ Look Ned, at the sailor and his Moll! Another asks Jack, “ how long it was since he got the last dozen ?” Jack would have had recourse to his usual argument, that of knocking the aggressor down without further ceremony; but turning round, a more comical thought occur’d; two young chimney sweepers at some little distance were eying the company with a wishful look, as if wishing they could afford to go in.— Jack makes up to them, “ Harkye you devil’s cousins,” cries he, should you like to see the shew ?” “ Aye master, well enough; but who’ll give us the money ?” “ I will,” returns Jack, “ here it is, only mind and obey signals.” The lads promis’d, and in about two minutes the heroes of the fut-bag, had bustled in the midst the anxious assembly, who all made way for them; they drove up directly to the three wits, who, being hem’d in, could not readily get off, and their light colour’d cloaths and scented linen were soon in a fine condition; the poor thing, squall’d like so many stuck guineapigs, while Jack kept on, “ *Avast there, scaldings—my boys, scaldings, bear away upon t’other tack, bear away my lads.*” The rough exclamations of Jack, the screaming of the women, and the distress of the mac’s, form’d a scene as ludicrous as any they could expect to meet with within doors, tho’ the entertainments of the evening were, an humorous comedy, follow’d by a pantomime. At length the doors were open’d, each impatient soul rush’d in, Jack and Sall push’d on with the best of them, causing many a hearty laugh as he baul’d— “ You forward there, forcible hands, ahoy—set your spritfail, dip her bows under, zounds make sail a head.”—They got a good feat, and things

things very tolerably quiet for some time.—Indeed, he was somewhat mortified that he could not make the rosin merchants, (as he stil'd the band) play *Blow high, blow low*; but as soon as they had done, he undertook to make amends for their obstinacy and chanted it himself, to the no small diversion of many.

The first act, Jack sat mum, but in the second, where a lover tells his mistress he would marry her, should her father even cut her off with a shilling, Jack got up and filling his tumbler from his bottle (both of which they had had the precaution to bring with them) calls out with the lungs of a Stentor, "*That's right my Trojan, damme I like you now, here goes to you and Miss there fair weather in your trip I say.*"——The actors stopt and could not forbear smiling, which was return'd on the part of the house by repeated shouts of laughter, and "well done sailor," "well done Jack, go it again my boy," and the like, issuing from a hundred mouths in the galleries at once. In the last act, when the old man is reconcil'd, and joins the hands of the faithful pair, he again opens his pipes with,—"*Ha, old Dad, Spunkyet, sink me, If ever you come on board the Dreadnaught, ask for Jack Spritsail, and a bucket of grog, my old cock of the game.*"

In the entertainment he seemed to have no very great opinion of Harlequin, and when the audience applauded one of his jumps, he swore it was nothing to a boy's standing upon his head upon the *main top-gallant royal truck*; and here, I believe, my readers will agree, Jack was not much in the wrong.

The performance over, they got out as well as they could, and Sall and he renew'd the scenes
of

of the former night with little alteration, for Jack was too high-mettled to be run down by any one engagement.—“Treat me to Astley’s, says Sall the next morning—Agreed cries Jack.—No matter what they did ’till they got there, in they are—here Jack seem’d much more at home than he had been yet, the slack rope, he own’d, was quite the thing; and young Astley he swore was so neat a lad, it was a d—n’d shame they had not made him a sailor—he would fain have tried his skill on the tight-rope, declaring he had stood on the topsail-yard in a storm. Of the learned pig, he observed—he was like what the Negroes said of the monkies: “They could speak if the would:” The horses, in his opinion, and I dare say in the opinions of many more, were as cunning as their riders—and the singing seem’d more suited to his taste by far than that of the theatre.—Whether this is meant as a compliment or not, let the sons of penetration find out.—When he saw the men let down the large cluster of lights in the middle of the amphitheatre, he called out, “*Lower away there, lower away,* and when they had done, “*Haul tort the halliards, belay all that my boys.*”——These remarks had their usual effect, Jack’s presence never failed to prove a source of mirth; and whenever he made his appearance at any place of public amusement, it has been already seen, he always made himself of as much consequence as any of the performers.

The succeeding night he visited the Royal Circus,—his usual wittisms past, which it would be tiresome to repeat. Sall kept close to him, and every hour lessened the luggage of his cash,

like

like Æsop and his basket of bread.——The next day to this, Sally propos'd an excursion to White Conduit house and Sadler's Wells. They first went to the former and ate hot rolls, the size of gingerbread nuts, with pats of butter the dimensions of half a crown, Jack swore if he had the purser (the name he chose to give the proprietor) on board he would be the first to sign a Round Robin against him; and that he ought to be flabber gested for serving out such a damned stingy mess.—It was now the hour to get to the Wells as fast as they could, Jack lik'd matters here amazingly, their post was the one shilling, the divisions there of the gallery into separate seats pleas'd him much; he declar'd he never saw snigger births in his life—and when he was told another sixpence to this ticket would purchase him a pint of wine. "*Chear up the top-gallant-lifts of my heart,*" cries he, "*if I would not put to sea under this captain all weathers.*" Nor was he less in good humour the whole night. The little devil, and all the rest of the devil's, as he asserted all the tumblers must be—met with his hearty approbation——In a sea song, he could not help joining the chorus full as lustily as any on the stage, and having a good ear with a decent voice, as has been hinted, he rather added to, than diminished from its effects.

When they broke up, Sall would have had a coach, but it being a moonlight, Jack was for marching on his pins, and taking out the difference in a bowl of punch; To this Sall at length consented. They had procur'd it and were again proceeding—Jack by this time not steering over steadily—when a watchman, a few paces before them, very deliberately breaks his lanthorn
against

Mr. Watchman
 against the nearest lamp-post, and coolly wheeling round accuses Jack with the damage. It is needless to express Jack's passion or astonishment, he presently disengaged himself; but the all-powerful rattle produced so immediate and numerous a succour, that, by the advice of Sally, Jack submitted, not without murmuring. "*They had mann'd ship damn'd quick.*"

Away they went to the watch-house, where complaint being made, it was at least two to one against poor Truth, which was all the sailor had for it. First, the watchman was among his friends, Jack was not. Secondly, it would have been petty treason to have settled the matter without drinking, and absolutely high treason to have paid for it out of their own pockets. Thus the constable of the night, tho' in his conscience he believed Jack innocent, could not without flying in the face of custom immemorial, but be on the complainant's side; "but as" (says he) "Mr. Watchman, he seems a good sort of a genius, let him pay for the lanthorn, order in some Sir John Barley-Corn and there's an end." Sally, who for more reasons than there is any occasion to mention here, had not the greatest desire imaginable to appear before a justice in the morning, and who was detain'd as an accomplice,—jogg'd and whisper'd Jack to comply; she might have done so to little purpose, as Jack was pretty much in the fullens, had not the constable, who saw his man, exclaimed, "What a jovial sailor afraid to treat a man with a pot of beer!" That's a lye!" cries Jack, "I'll pay for a dozen, but howsomever damme if I doubt'd that there glim." The beer was brought, they drank together till six o'clock came on,—the
 worthy

worthy constable resigned his state—and Sall and her Tar sallied forth into the street, Sall glad it was no worse, and Jack thinking them a jolly crew enough; but swearing the hero of the lanthorn, "*was little better than a false light to decoy vessels into the enemies port.*"

The day following proved Sunday—and nothing would do for Sall but shewing her new rigging amidst the smarts in the Park. Jack got a clean shirt and trowsers, brush'd up his new-purchased buckles, and thought himself as great a beau as any there——when they got to the Mall, "*Dash my cap,*" goes Jack, "*What a large quarter deck!*" he greatly admir'd the number of fine girls, apprentices and journeywomen of milliners, mantua-makers, &c. who, confin'd all the week, resort there on the seventh day, to shew their legs and swallow the dust, in droves as numerous as Lincolnshire geese, or Norfolk turkies. Unfortunately for the shewy groupe, a smart shower of rain began to fall, a thousand umbrellas were unfurl'd in an instant; now every body knows, that in a heavy shower, attended by a squall of wind—an umbrella requires no small share of address to manage it with becoming dexterity—and as it could not be supposed every one accommodated with their convenience, was possessed of this address,——amongst so many, it was highly probable no small confusion would ensue. "Smoke the awnings," cries Jack, just as he spoke, a tall meagre fellow before him, accosts a fat squab of a woman scarce four feet perpendicular,——with "Zounds, madam, you have thrust your umbrella in my eyes."—As she was turning about to make an apology, she was herself nearly
C knock'd

knock'd down by a female amazon in a riding-habit, who, in attempting to close her's had let it fall right upon that of the short lady.—The storm ceas'd, but such jostling, such entangling—such—“ Dear ma'am, you have got me fast,” “ Good sir, you have caught me I believe,” “ Pray Miss give me leave to disengage myself,” and the like; that Jack was in a continual roar the whole time, in which Sall join'd, to the no small mortification, and further embarrassment, of the already sufficiently perplexed Beaux and Belles.—They had got through the Park, and were in full swing for Chelsea to eat buns, they loaded a pocket handkerchief with as many as it would hold, and kept on for the College—Jack was pleas'd to see a retreat for the infirm army, veteran and wounded soldier; but his notions of naval superiority inclined him to assert, it was no more equal to the far-fam'd Hospital at Greenwich, than a red coat was to a blue jacket, or than all the Alexanders in the universe, were to an Admiral Rodney or a Barrington,—Sall seconded him we need not doubt.—A public-house, was not a thousand miles off—In they went, and a liberal potation of ale helped to wash down the more solid contents of the handkerchief aforesaid.

On walking afterwards by the water side, “ Sink me,” says Jack, “ *at home to a peg*,” a boat he would have, and a boat he soon procur'd—the waterman prov'd an old seaman, who had taken to this occupation as smacking something of this former one. Jack doffs his jacket and assists in rowing, while Sall sat in state astern. They had not proceeded far before they observed a pleasure boat in distress, for one
man

man-milliner, two taylor, and three haberdashers of small wares, having taking it into their heads to treat their sweethearts with an aquatic excursion—to shew their skill and magnanimous courage of heart, they had hired a sailing vessel to themselves—tho' each of them inwardly shudder'd at the danger they had ran themselves into, as the water was rough, and their knowledge only of their own manufacturing. In this delemma, (in order to keep up their hearts) they had had recourse to more bottled beer, &c. then would have been consistent with even one acquainted with the business they had undertaken. When Jack and his companions came up with them, they were indeed in immediate danger of oversetting, and the screams of the girls, with their situation, would not have render'd this part of the story a subject for laughter, had not the behaviour of these self-created sailors most strongly provok'd it.—Of the two, they seemed in a high degree more frighten'd than the women. “O Tom Buckram! (says one with folded hands and rueful phiz) “that I had never taken measure of this day,” Ah! Neddy Twist, Neddy Twist,” (replies his friend) “never will I cut out such a piece of cloth again while I live.”—“O plague take our *magnimousity*,” (cry'd one of the haberdashers) “if ever I live to sell a penn'orth of pins again, catch me here if you can.” But while they thus condoled their own mishap, their gallantry led them to leave their charmers to comfort themselves as well as they could—Not so Jack—he stept on board, snatch'd the helm, with “*Cheer up my little, lasses, only a pleasant breeze, fine sailing.*” while the other ran forward, and soon recover'd her

C 2

into

into proper trim.—However the poor fellows misfortunes were not to end here, for a large Newfoundland dog, belonging to Jack's waterman, and who had that day pretty well rolled himself in the mud, follow'd his master, and shaking himself about at no small rate, so sprinkled a deluge of dirty water upon their silk stockings and Nankeen breeches, that the pretty Jessamines were in as bad a plight as ever; nor would it have been the easiest matter to have determined, whether the damage of their clothes or the danger of their existence had produc'd the more poignant exclamations of distress. At length, they were all safely landed. Jack scorning to take any compensation for his good offices, and contenting himself with recommending his companion. The girls pouted extremely at this adventure of their dearies,—and I question whether from this unlucky incident, the public might not be disappointed of reading a flaming paragraph in the papers containing the following most interesting, important, and consequential intelligence. "*Yesterday were married Messrs. Twist and Buckram, two eminent journeymen tailors to the Misses Needles, co-heiresses to the late Nathaniel Needle, with fortunes of fifty pounds each: After the ceremony, the new married pair; set off in a hackney coach for the St. Helena Tea Gardens.*" Jack took leave of them, paid his fare, and went home with Sall; 'tis true his pockets were not by this time capable of displaying that quantum of cash they had done a day or two ago; but a considerable sum yet remained in the landlord's hands we have before spoken of, under the title of *the honest man*, and even if that had not been the case, I'll answer for it, it would

would not have disturb'd Jack's philotophy, as nothing short of drying up the ocean, was capable of performing that task, and he would still have sung as he did now, with the same alert cheerfulness, and careless unconcern of future events.

" Then why should we fret after riches,

" Or any such glittering toys;

" A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,

" Will go through the world my brave boys."

The next morning they went in pursuit of the remainder of Jack's finances, I say they, as Sall having undertaken to steer the vessel thro' would by no means prove worse than her word—at least while there was any lading on board. The landlord acknowledg'd the receipt of what Jack demanded, it was paid him, and Jack calling him an *honest cock*, order'd him to make a bowl of rumbo, as they would not part with dry lips. It was brought, and Sall better pleas'd than ever, was quite upon the high ropes; nothing would go down but a dance, and the landlord, who was a merry soul himself, and had no objection to encourage the sale of his liquor,—sent out for a neighbouring scraper, who, striking up, one of the liveliest tunes, set the trio to work at a jig presently—thus they all footed it very well; Jack in particular, who being accustomed to the hornpipe step, footed it away with inexpressible agility, and tho' Mr. Gallini might perhaps have perceived reason to blame some part of their exertions—none of his scholars, I will venture a cool hundred to a China orange, ever went to it with a more hearty satisfaction. The landlord

and Sall were happy in the prospect of getting, and Jack—why a sailor you know, is never so happy as when he is spending—so that all parties enjoy'd their wishes. The dance over, the rumbo came in, Sall at Jack's request clear'd up her pipe for a song.

S O N G.

A sailor lad first won my heart,
Oh, they are the boys of spirit;
Each jovial tar devoid of art,
'Tis honour they inherit.

When first blue jacket met my eyes,
I lik'd the pleasing sight;
His striped trowsers did surprize
And dauntless stood the wight.

With oaken towel in his hand,
My jolly Jack Tar came;
Rich from the East Indian land
Ben Capstern was his name.

He saw me at my mother's door,
A spinning in the shade;
The very day he came on shore,
And I was then a maid.

But soon alas, his tender tales,
O'ercame my virgin fears;
And Ben hoisted his gallant sails,
His main-mast boldly rears.

And

And I, too late, found to my cost,
His vows are like the wind,
For ere I married was, I lost
My sailor once so kind.

He sail'd away and left me sad,
Soon big with child did prove,
Outrageous grew my mam and dad;
And curs'd my foolish love.

Their frowns I could no longer bear,
I stole from them away,
One evening when the coast was clear,
It being market-day.

With little money and less clothes,
I up to London came
Instead of friends, I found all foes,
And here commenc'd my shame.

Necessity drove me to act,
What was against my will;
You may believe, it is a fact,
My pressing wants to fill.

At length experienc'd I became,
In prostitution's trade;
And now I do not blush to name,
What would shock any maid.

And faith she was as good as her word, the
song being ended, it was followed by a toast,
which I am fully convinced would strike every
modest female with horror. Spritsail paid par-
ticular attention to Sall's ditty. The toast being
duly honoured with tarpaulin notice, it had like
to

to have caused a fray; for mine host, having at that instant some scruples of modesty, if he had none of conscience, absolutely refused to join chorus, Sall gave the liquor a genteel cant into his face, rapping out a terrible blasphemous oath, swore it was too good to wash a mouth so ill hung, for his was not worth a * * * * *: Jack began to resent the affront, declaring it was impudent not to follow a lady's example, especially when it was well known every man loves in his heart, what Sall issued from her lips. — Boniface was obliged to comply, the toast having circulated, the glass went round pretty freely—"Avast my little frigate, (cries Jack) did you not tell me in your song, your first regular engagements was with my old friend Ben Capstern, and that you was oblig'd to strike, honest Ben having boarded your cabbin?—Split my boom now; but you could not have surrendered to a more gallant commander, Ben and I were messmates, he was a hearty boy, Sall what have you done with him?—Lower my topsails sooner than forget Ben Capstern, I well remember when last we failed to the relief of the heroick Elliot, on his invincible rock, a d——d ill winded voyage we had, and return'd home again after a year's unprofitable cruize."

Jack loudly vociferated to know what had got his former companion in vain, Sall strove to convince him she could not tell—The strength or rather the enormous quantity of the liquor Sprit-fail had drank began to operate, and he fell senseless from his seat under the table. As for Boniface, the liquor took some effect upon him, for his youthful passions begun to reign triumphant over his small share of reason, and Sall being a tempt-
ing

ing morsel, the landlord soon found himself very amorously inclined. The same power which elevated Boniface's spirits, perhaps wooed Sall into a complying mood; the door was made fast, and the facetious landlord took a swing in Spritsail's hammock, I must question if their voyage was pleasant, for the hostess having smelt a rat as the saying is, soon began to blow a bitter blast, the storm encreasing, and the host was oblig'd to leave his cabin after a very short and unsuccessful cruise in the port of pleasure. The enraged wife burst open the door and discovered in her husband a scene she had not seen for many a long day past.—Sall was not permitted to escape, for the wife tore her clothes, hat, &c. and gave her a hearty drubbing. Sall play'd away likewise. During the contest Spritsail awoke. Stave my ribs ma'm, but you don't do so, who gave your captain orders to fire, as for your purl-bitter commander he and I will have a broadside, cheer up lads, put your guns in order and prepare for battle, I say here goes, and with an agility peculiar to the main-mast tribes made a spring, and with one blow levell'd the landlord with the floor: The wife no sooner saw her help-mate's disaster than she forgot her own wrongs and flew to the relief of the vanquished, and, without preface, or ceremony, began to scratch the face of the sailor and pull his hair—Tear my trowsers, cries Jack, but you are an enemy too: What begin the fight before you either hoist your colours or throw out signals, burst my guns, but you are a rum commander, and but little acquainted with aquatic manœuvres or nautical discipline. Sall took shelter under Spritsail's fort; the landlord quietly retired

ed.—The clouds cleared up, the wife began to vent her indignation on the author: Sall being accused did not agree with her convoy's notion, matters soon became explained.—Close my port-holes, it what you say is true, If I don't give that little Jezebel frigate a smart dressing before I steer off—nor was he worse than his word; for being fully convinced of his pilot's incontinence he caught hold of a switch that stood in the corner and laid on very lustily, Sall fought in return, but the injured landlady soon ended the contest by turning the harlot out off doors, and threatening to send for a constable, if she did not quietly decamp.

Sprit-sail fresh primed his spirits with some more grog, and set sail for Shadwell Dock; but unfortunately he was hailed by one of St. Catherine's pleasure-boats, and after a few friendly salutes, he was convoy'd into a gin-shop, where they were met by some more of the tribe, and whilst Jack was all attention to their slang discourse, they all very friendly eased Jack of his purse, leaving him to settle the reckoning without sixpence in cash to pay it.—A brother Tar opportunely came to his relief, the demand was settled, and Jack went on board singing the following song.

S O N G.

COME my lads to the ocean let's gang,
For since that now war is declar'd:
Monsieur we will dress, and the Dons we will
bang,
And shew them that we are prepar'd.

Now

Now if our enemies dare us to fight,
And think for to take by surprize;
Our well-mann'd fleet, what can equal the
fight?

The mariner eager he plies.

GEORGE is the King, whose commands we
obey,

With ready and hearty good will;
'Tis honour that calls and we cannot stay,
With riches our pockets we'll fill.

When prizes we take, then pocket the gold,
We'll spend it so free when on shore;
How pleasant the life of a failor so bold;
A dry lubber is nought but a boar.

The man that can't fight when his country calls
Her wrongs to defend and her cause;
Beneath this strong arm do her enemies fall,
Unworthy her shelt'ring laws.

Then come my bold Britons lets hasten away,
And scourge all our foes on their coast;
Triumphant our navy shall conquer that day,
'Tis Rodney's her pride and her boast.

With Elliot intrepid, on Gibraltar's firm rock
Such sons are the pride of our isle;
Undaunted they braved the foreigner's shock,
And threw them hot balls to beguile.

Such was the song of Sprit-sail to his mess-
mates, when they were paying their respects to
the heart-cheering grog; Jack's source of supply
being entirely exhausted, his newfound friend
got

got him a birth on board the same ship, and in a few days they sailed from Blackwall for the East Indies; from whence most probably they will return laden with wealth.

S O N G.

WHEN my money was gone that I gain'd
in the wars,
And my doxy began for to frown;
Once more I enlisted under the banner of Mars,
With conquest my brows for to crown;

My substance being spent, to the sea I return'd,
With ardour my bosom did glow,
Three days we were out, when a sail we discern'd
Preparing to strike a hard blow.

A Spaniard she was, from Cadiz she came,
To a French port the vessel was bound;
And laden with dollars, St. Phillip her name,
Ah! rich was the prize that we found.



JACK SPRIT-SAIL's

FLOWING CAN.

SONG I.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

TWAS in the good ship Rover
I sail'd the world around,
And for three years and over,
I ne'er touch'd British ground;
At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations stranded,
And went to sea again.

That time bound strait to Portugal,
Right 'fore and aft we bore,
And when we made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the shore;
She lay so it did shock her,
A log upon the main,
Till sav'd from Davy's locker,
We put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
Upon a squally night,
Thunder and light'ning hailing
The horrors of the fight;

D

My

My precious limb was lopped off,
I, when they eas'd my pain,
Thanked God I was not popped off,
And went to sea again.

Yet still I am enabled
To bring up in life's rear,
Altho' I'm quite disabled
And lie in Greenwich tier ;
The King, God blefs his royalty,
Who sav'd me from the main,
I'll praise with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to sea again.



SONG II.

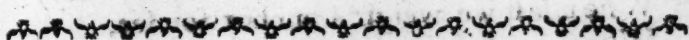
Sung by Mr. INCLEDON,

THE dauntless Sailor leaves his home,
Each softer joy and ease;
To distant climes he loves to roam,
Nor dreads the boist'rous seas.
His heart with hope of vict'ry gay,
Scorns from the foe to run;
In battle terrors melt away,
As snow before the sun.

Though all the nations of the world,
 Britannia's flag would lower,
 Her banners still shall wave unfurl'd,
 And dare their haughty pow'r,
 But see Bellona sheathes her sword,
 Hush'd is the angry main;
 The cannon's roar no more is heard,
 Sweet peace resumes her reign.

Ho

He hastes unto his native shore,
 Where dwell sweet joy and rest;
 His lovely Susan smiles implore,
 To crown and make him blest:
 Now all the toils and dangers past,
 And Susan's love remains,
 The honest Tar is blest at last,
 Her smiles reward his pains.



S O N G III.

POOR JACK, *by* Mr. DIBDIN.

GO patter to tubbers and swabs, do you see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
 A tight water boat, and good sea-room give me,
 And it a'n't to a little I'll strike;
 Tho' the tempest top-gallant-mast smack-smooth
 should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse every
 thing tight,
 And under reef'd foresail we'll scud.—
 Avast! nor don't think me a milk-top so soft,
 To be taken for trifles a-back;
 For they say, there's a Providence fits up aloft—
 To keep watch for—the life of POOR JACK.

Why, I heard the good Chaplain palaver one day,
 About souls—heaven—mercy—and such;
 And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay!
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch.
 But, he said, how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye
 see,

Without orders that come down below;
And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow.
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so
oft

Take the top-lifts of failors a-back,
There's a sweet little cherub sits perched up aloft,
To keep watch for—the life of POOR JACK.
I said to our Poll, (for you see she would cry)

“ When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argues sniv'ling and piping your eye?
Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room
for us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore;
And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
Why, you never will hear of me more!
What then!—all's a hazard—come, don't be so
soft,

Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for—the life of POOR JACK.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be, ev'ry inch,
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, without off'ring
to flinch,

From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As to me in all weathers, all times, tides, and
ends,

Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;—
My heart is my Poll's—and my rhino my
friends;

And as for my life,—'tis my king's!

E'en

E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so
soft

As with grief to be taken a-back;
That same little cherub, that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good birth for—POOR JACK!"



S O N G IV.

PARODY on the above by Mr. BARTON.

DEAR Polly, no longer in absence complain
While far o'er the ocean I sail:

I never yet dreaded the storms on the main,

But whilst I'd or sung to the gale:

I have sail'd to the East, I have sail'd to the
West,

To the North, and the South, I have been;

No danger alarm'd me, no fear fill'd my breast,

And safe I returned again:

My love fill'd my mind, still wherever I went,

And my courage was never a-back;

For I thought the god Cupid would make her
content,

And preserve my dear Poll for POOR JACK,

So now 'tis my lot, for to quit you once more,

To fight with the insolent foe;

Yet make yourself happy, dear Poll, on the shore,

For fate will protect me I know:

Death shoots his sharp arrow o'er sea and o'er
land,

And it signifies not where we die;

'Tis in vain to repine, when he gives his com-
mand,

It will all be as one by and by;

Perhaps you may die, while I sail far away,
 If you should, may I never come back;
 For I never, I'm sure, should survive that sad
 day,
 Which takes away Poll from POOR JACK.

But away with such thoughts, they are foes to the
 brave,

I'll think not of what is to come;
 For glory, and honour, each son of the wave,
 Will fight or will round the world roam:
 The winds may pipe loud, and the billows may
 roar,

The rocks and the sands may appear;
 Yet love will protect me, I'm certain and sure,
 Once more to return to my dear:
 Then mark what I say, and believe it is true.
 With grief ne'er to be taken a-back;
 As Cupid will surly protect me for you,
 And Poll, for her honest POOR JACK.

Then once more farewell, as the wind it fits fair,
 And the vessel she casts for the sea;
 Then cheer up your courage, and never despair,
 And whimper no longer for me:
 My heart shall be constant wherever I go,
 Each doubt and suspicion is vain;
 I fear not the ocean, I fear not the foe,
 Hope says, I shall come safe again:
 And Cupid, who takes all true lovers in tow,
 From danger will keep me a-back;
 For he will protect me, for Poll, I well know,
 And Poll for her honest POOR JACK.

S O N G. V.

SEQUEL to POOR JACK, *by* Mr. MOULDS.

WHEN last honest Jack of whose fate I now
 sing
 For he ne'er refus'd for his country and king
 To fight, for no lubber was he;
 To hand, reef, and steer, and bouse every thing
 tight,
 Full well did he know every inch,
 Tho the top-lifts of sailors the tempest should
 smite,
 Jack never was known for to flinch,
 Tho' the top-lifts, &c.

Aloft from the mast-head one day he esp'd
 Seven sail, which appear'd to his view,
 Clear the decks, sponge the guns, was instantly
 cry'd,
 And each to his station then flew;
 They fought until most of their fellows were slain,
 And silenc'd was every gun,
 'Twas then that old English valour was vain,
 For by numbers, alas! they're undone.

Yet think not bold Jack, tho' by conquest dis-
 may'd,
 Could tamely submit to his fate,
 When his country he found he no longer could
 serve.
 Looking round, he address'd thus each mate,
 What's life, d'ye see, when our liberty's gone,
 Much nobler it were for to die,
 So now for old Davy, then plung'd in the main,
 E'en the cherub above heav'd a sigh.

SONG.

S O N G VI.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

A Sailor's life's a life of woe,
 He works now late now early,
 Now up and down, now to and fro,
 What then, he takes it cheerly;
 Blest with a smiling can of grog,
 If duty call, stand, rise, or fall,
 To fate's last verge he'll jog,
 The cadge to weigh,
 The sheets belay,
 He does it with a wish,
 To heave the lead,
 Or to cat-head,
 The pond'rous anchor fith.
 For while the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We despise it to a man.
 We sing a little,
 And laugh a little,
 And work a little,
 And swear a little,
 And fiddle a little,
 And foot it a little,
 And swig the flowing can,
 If howling winds and roaring seas,
 Give proof of coming danger,
 We view the storm, our hearts at ease,
 For Jack's to tear a stranger.
 Blest with the smiling grog we fly,
 Where now below,
 We headlong go,
 Now rise on mountains high,

Spite

Spite of the gale,
 We hand the sail,
 Or take the needful reef,
 Or man the deck,
 To clear some wreck,
 To give the ship relief.
 Though perils threat around,
 All sense of danger drown'd,
 We despise it to a man.

We sing a little, &c.

But yet think not our case is hard,
 Tho' storms at sea thus treat us,
 For coming home, a sweet reward,
 With smiles our sweethearts greet us;
 Now too, the friendly grog we quaff,
 Our am'rous toast,
 Her we love most,
 And gaily sing and laugh.
 The sails we furl,
 Then, for each girl,
 The petticoat display,
 The deck we clear,
 Then three times cheer,
 As we their charms survey,
 And then the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger drown'd,
 We despise it to a man.

We sing a little, &c.

SONG

S O N G VII.

A Sailor's life's a pleasant life,
 He freely roams from shore to shore:
 In every port he finds a wife;
 What can a sailor wish for more.
 To him the world her charms displays,
 He views all nature's choicest storm,
 And vent'ring on the stormy seas,
 Her various beauties he explores.
 Then weigh your anchor, bend your sails;
 The wind blows aft with pleasant gales;
 Keep helm a-midships, thus remain,
 Our port, brave boys, we soon shall gain.

A sailor's life's a happy life,
 Our hearts are free from pain or fear;
 We harbour no ill-will, or strife,
 But merrily our course we steer:
 If winds blow cross, or storms arise,
 We to our well-known skill resort;
 The danger boldly we despise,
 And all's forgot when we're in port.
 Then each man has his pretty lass,
 And jovially our time we pass;
 Our hours with mirth and joy are crown'd,
 And cheerfully the glass goes round.

A sailor's life's a glorious life,
 In danger's field he toils for fame;
 When threat'ning war's alarms are rise,
 His matchless deeds his worth proclaim:
 Undaunted he the foe pursues,
 His breast true British valour boasts,
 The blood-stain'd deck he fearless views,
 Amid the flock of charging hosts.

By

By him, Britannia's fame to raise,
And prove her mistress of the seas;
Destruction on her foes is hurl'd,
He bears her thunder o'er the world.

S O N G V I I I.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

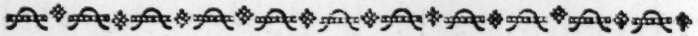
SMILING grog is the sailor's best hope, his
sheet anchor,
His compass, his cable, his log,
That gives him a heart which life's cares cannot
canker,
Though dangers around him
Unite to confound him,
He braves them and tips off his grog.
'Tis grog, only grog,
Is his rudder, his compass, his cable his log,
The sailor's sheet anchor is grog.
What though he to a friend, intrust,
His prize money convey,
Who to his bond of faith unjust,
Cheats him, and runs away;
What's to be done? he vents a curse
'Gainst all false hearts ashore,
Of the remainder clears his purse,
And then to sea for more.

There smiling grog, &c.

What though his girl, who often swore
To know no other charms,
He finds when he returns ashore,
Clasp'd in a rival's arms;

What's

What's to be done? he vents a curse
 And seeks a kinder she,
 Dance, gets groggy, clear his purse,
 And goes again to sea.
 To crosses born, still trusting there,
 The waves less faithless than the fair;
 There into toils to rush again,
 And stormy perils brave—what then
 Smiling grog, &c.



S O N G IX.

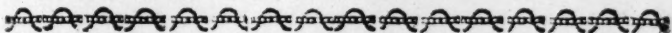
Written by MARY QUEEN of SCOTS.

I Sigh and lament me in vain,
 These walls can but echo my moan,
 Alas! it increaseth my pain,
 When I think on the days that are gone.
 Thro' the gate of my prison I see,
 The birds as they wanton in air;
 My heart how it pants to be free,
 My looks they are wild with despair.

Above tho' oppress'd by my fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes;
 Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those:
 False woman in ages to come,
 Thy malice detested shall be;
 And we are cold in the tomb,
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye

Ye roofs where cold damps and disinay,
 With silence and solitude dwell;
 How comfortless passes the day,
 How sad tolls the ev'ning bell :
 The owls from the battlements cry,
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around ;
 O Mary prepare thee to die ;
 My blood it runs cold at the sound.



S O N G X.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

WHILE up the shrouds the sailor goes,
 Or ventures on the yard,
 The landman, who no better knows,
 Believes his lot his hard ;
 But Jack with smiles each danger meets,
 Casts anchor, heaves the log,
 Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
 And drinks his can of grog.

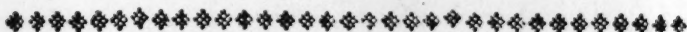
When mountains high the waves that swell,
 The vessel rudely bear,
 Now sinking in a hollow dell,
 Now quiv'ring in the air.

Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar,
 You ne'er hear him repine,
 Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,
 Or burning near the line.

Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word,
To quarters all repair,
While splinter'd masts go by the board,
And shots sing through the air,
Bold Jack, &c.



SONG XI.

Written by MR. DIBDIN.

'TWAS Saturday night, the twinkling stars
Shone on the rippling sea,
No duty call'd the jovial tars,
The helm was lash'd a-lee;
The ample can adorn'd the board,
Prepar'd to see it out,
Each gave the lass that he ador'd,
And push'd the grog about.

Cried honest Tom, my Peg I'll toast,
A frigate neat and trim,
All jolly Portsmouth's favourite boast:
I'd venture life and limb,
Sail seven long years, and ne'er see land,
With dauntless heart and stout,
So tight a vessel to command,
Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll,
Sailing in comely state,
Top gant'ails set, she is so tall,
She looks like a first rate;

Ah!

Ah! would she take her Jack in tow,
 A voyage for life throughout,
 No better birth I'd wish to know,
 Then pull the grog about.

I'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,
Trim, handsome, neat, and tight,
What joy so fine a ship to man?
She is my heart's delight!
So well she bears the storms of life,
I'd sail the world throughout,
Brave every toil for such a wife,
Then push the grog about.

Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
Each his best manner tried;
Till, summon'd by the empty can,
They to their hammocks hied:
Yet still did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out,
For, in soft visions' gentle sleep
Still push'd the grog about.



SONG XII.

Sung by Mrs. JORDAN, in the Spoilt Child.

I AM a brisk and sprightly lad,
But just come home from sea, Sir ;
Of all the lives I ever led,
A sailor's life for me, Sir,

Whilst the boatswain pipes all hands,
With yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, Sir.

What girl but loves the merry tar,
 We o'er the ocean roam, Sir:
 In ev'ry clime we find a port,
 In ev'ry port a home, Sir.
 Yeo, yeo, &c.

But when our country's foes are nigh,
 Each hastens to his gun, Sir;
 We make the boasting Frenchman fly,
 And bang the haughty Don, Sir.
 Yeo, yeo, &c.

Our foes subdu'd—once more on shore,
 We spend our cash with glee, Sir,
 And when all's gone, we drown our care,
 And out again to sea, Sir.
 Yeo, yeo, &c.

D U E T.

*Sung by Mr. PALMER, and Mrs. KEMBLE, in
 Inkle and Yarico.*

Mr. PALMER.

O SAY, simple maid, have you form'd any
 notion
 Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?
 When winds whistle shrilly, ah! won't they
 remind you,
 To sigh with regret for the grot left behind you

Mrs.

Mrs. KEMBLE.

Ah no, I could follow, and sail the world over,
Nor think of my grot when I look at my lover!
The winds which blow round us, your arms for
my pillow,
Will lull us to sleep, whilst we're rock'd by each
billow.

BOTH.

O say then, my true love, we never will funder,
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big
thunder;
Whilst constant, we'll laugh at all changes of wea-
ther.
And journey all over the world both together.



S O N G XIII.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

THE wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave,
Scarcely the vessel's side could lave:
When in the mizen top his stand,
Tom Clueline taking, spy'd the land.

Oh what reward for all his toil!
Once more he views his native soil,
Once more he thanks indulgent fate;
That brings him to his bonny Kate.

Soft as the sighs of Zephyr flow,
Tender and plaintive as her woe,
Serene was the attentive eve,
That heard Tom's bonny Kitty grieve:

“ Oh what avails,” cry’d she, “ my pain?
 “ He’s swallow’d in the greedy main:
 “ Ah never shall I welcome home,
 “ With tender joy, my honest Tom.”

Now high upon the faithful shroud,
 The land awhile that seem’d a cloud,
 While objects from the main arise
 A feast presents Tom’s longing eyes.

A ribband near his heart which lay,
 Now see him on his hat display,
 That given sign to shew that fate
 Had brought him to his bonny Kate.

Near a cliff whose heights command,
 A prospect of the shelly strand,
 While Kitty fate and fortune blam’d,
 Sudden with rapture, she exclaim’d.

“ But see, oh heav’n! a ship in view,
 “ My Tom appears among the crew,
 “ The pledge he swore to bring safe home,
 “ Streams on his hat—’tis honest Tom.

What now remains were easy told,
 Tom comes, his pockets lin’d with gold;
 Now rich enough no more to roam
 To serve his king, he stays at home.

Recounts each toil, and shews each scar,
 While Kitty and her constant tar
 With rev’rence teach to bless their fate,
 Young honest Tom’s and bonny Kate.

SONG

SONG XIV.

THE WATERY GRAVE,

Sung by Mr. DIBDIN, in the Wags.

WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,
That tears from a stone might provoke,

'Tis concerning a tar you must know,
As honest as e'er biscuit broke.
His name was Ben Block, of all men
The most true, the most kind, the most brave,
But harsh treated by fortune, for Ben
In his prime found a wat'ry grave.

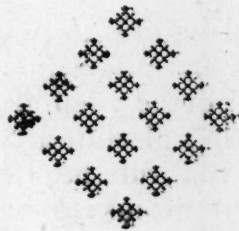
His place no one ever knew more,
His heart was all kindness and love
Though on duty an eagle he'd soar,
His nature had most of the dove.
He lov'd a fair maid named Kate;
His father to int'rest a slave,
Sent him far from love, where hard fate
Plung'd him deep in the wat'ry grave.

A curse on all slanderous tongues,
A false friend his mild nature abus'd;
And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,
To poison Ben's pleasure accus'd:
That she never had truly been kind,
That false were the tokens she gave,
That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find
In the ocean a wat'ry grave.

Too

Too sure from this cank'rous elf,
 The venom accomplish'd its end;
 Ben, all truth and honor himself,
 Suspected no fraud in his friend:
 On the yard while suspended in air,
 A loose to his sorrows he gave,
 Take thy wish, cry'd he, false cruel fair,
 And plung'd in the wat'ry grave.

F I N I S.



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